

# ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, for the New England Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Vol. XIX. { A. STEVENS, EDITOR.  
FRANKLIN RAND, AGENT.

BOSTON AND PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1848.

TERMS, \$2.00 IN ADVANCE. } No. 3.  
OFFICE, No. 7 CORNHILL.

For the Herald and Journal.

## REV. DANIEL NEAL, M. A., HISTORIAN OF THE PURITANS.

The celebrated author of the History of the Puritans was born in London on the 14th of December, 1678. In early life both his parents were removed by death, and the care of his education was committed to an uncle, who discharged that duty with great fidelity and affection.

The nephew had frequent occasion, in later years, to advert to the almost paternal care and vigilance with which his earlier years had been guarded.

But the future eminence of Mr. Neal as a scholar, a Christian and a Christian minister, more fully than anything else, demonstrates the early and faithful culture of his intellect and his heart; for neglected childhood and youth seldom become eminent in manhood. For a time he pursued his studies at Merchant Tailor's school in London, and subsequently at Utrecht in Holland, under the tuition of the celebrated Graevius and Burman. While at this seat of learning he manifested an ardent thirst for knowledge and made great proficiency in the branches of study he pursued. After a residence there of two years, he returned from the continent, accompanied by Mr. (afterwards the celebrated Dr.) Lardner, to London, where he soon appeared in the pulpits of the Puritans. In the metropolis, his zeal, talents and learning gained him a hearing, and rendered him an attractive preacher. Soon after, he was settled as a co-pastor with Dr. Singleton of Aldgate St. and at the Doctor's death in 1706 he became sole pastor of the Church, where he continued till near the close of life. The able ministrations of Mr. Neal attracted large congregations to listen to him, which soon induced his people to erect a new and more capacious edifice for public worship. While in this charge, besides his regular attendance on the duties of his office, he attended many extra services and preached many occasional sermons, which constituted a large part of his miscellaneous writings.

For twenty-six years he continued the indefatigable and affectionate pastor of Aldgate Street, beloved by all with whom he associated, endeared to his friends and respected even by his enemies. At length his change drew nigh. Worn out by cares and studies and broken by disease, his case baffled the skill of the physicians and resisted the power of medical aid. He was swiftly approaching his end, and he felt that he neared the eternal world.

For the change he exhibited a ripeness of the Christian graces and virtues. He was "like the shock of corn that cometh in his season." His strongest earthly attachment was the charge that had been committed to his care. His heart and the hearts of his people were knit together, and the thought of their final separation as pastor and people was painful in the extreme. Most of them had been trained by his vigilance during long years of toil and anxiety; they were children of prayer, and plants watered and cherished with tears. They stood by their linguistic pastor, whom they should see no more till the sitting of the final assize.

While he still lingered upon the borders of the grave, he addressed his parishioners in a brief but very touching farewell epistle, of which the following is the conclusion: "May the spirit of God direct you in the choice of a wise and able pastor who may have your spiritual and everlasting welfare at heart. And, to that end, beware of a spirit of division; be ready to condescend to each other's infirmities. Keep together in the way of your duty and in waiting upon God for his blessing; remember this is the distinguishing mark of the disciples of Christ, that they love one another. Finally, my brethren, farewell! Be of good comfort and of one mind; live in peace; and the God of love and of peace shall be with you." He breathed his last on the fourth of April 1743, at the age of sixty-five.

As a man, Mr. Neal was eminent. His associates were the most celebrated Puritans of that age. Among his friends we may reckon a Watts, a Doddridge and an Evans.

As a Christian, he was exemplary in his life, evangelical in his creed and practical in his conduct. His doctrinal views were essentially Calvinistic, coinciding, perhaps, more nearly with the great Geneva Reformer than with any of his successors. But he regarded Christianity in its practical bearings, of greater importance than those merely doctrinal aspects in which it is too frequently presented to us. The gospel in his view, possessed a power to change the human character and practice. Here he could behold the fruits of the Christian doctrine, and see the noble precepts of the New Testament illustrated by the holy lives and benevolent acts of believers.

As a Minister, he was devoted to his work, active and laborious. He was an untiring student, and faithful dispenser of the word of life; plain, practical and pointed. He preached to make men better—to reform them, and not to please the ear with soft words. He was severe, but not harsh; he wounded, but they were the wounds of a friend. He exemplified the teaching of Paul to Titus, "in all things showing himself a pattern of good works. In doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned." Reproofs were administered with regret, frequently with tears. He possessed a tender sympathetic heart, feeling deeply the woes of his flock, and of man in general.

Mr. Neal was likewise a man of conscience and integrity. On his return from the continent, the offer of a lucrative place at Oxford was made him, but he refused and became a minister among the Puritans. That he conscientiously adhered to them we cannot doubt; that he was useful there we know.

As a scholar and an author he stood deservedly high. His scholarship was not the profoundest nor yet the most shallow. He occupied a noble mediocrity. Of all the branches of study, history and divinity most deeply engaged his attention, the latter, perhaps, induced by his calling, the former a genuine predilection of his nature. Neal was the author of several occasional sermons, printed by the request of those who heard them. A letter to Dr. How, Dean of Worcester, excited some interest in its day, and likewise a piece entitled the "Duty of praying for Ministers." As a historian, he honored himself in the publication of a "History of New England," which was deemed in its day a valuable work, and for which the author obtained his diploma at Cambridge, Mass.

But the work which will immortalize his name, is the "History of the Puritans." So long as the Puritanic blood runs in the veins of a single human being, or the English language shall continue to be spoken, so long will this work continue to be read with avidity. None will be able to supersede him in this branch of Church History. No student of history feels that his knowledge of that period is complete without a read-

ing of Neal. In the perusal of this history we stand amid Baxters, Owens, Charnocks and Cromwells, and a host of whom the world was not worthy. They are treated with candor and respect. That Mr. Neal was possessed of a Puritanic predilection cannot be denied, but that he colored truth or distorted his facts is not to be believed. In his researches he was honest, laborious and patient; qualities which certainly characterize the able historian.

B. SIRELL.

Smoky Hollow, Jan. 3, 1848.

For the Herald and Journal.

## RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE WORLD.

Br. Stevens:—With your permission, I will lay before your numerous readers, two opposite views upon a highly important subject—a subject upon which none has stronger claims upon the consideration, prayers, efforts and liberality of the Christian public—*The present religious condition of the world, the practicability of its speedy and entire conversion.*

The first view shall be first presented. The intelligence communicating the success with which God is crowning the labors of our self-sacrificing and devoted missionaries, is received by every true Christian with heart-felt joy; and as from the platform or the press, the glad tidings are heralded forth, that tens of thousands who had bowed down to gods of wood and stone, have now begun to bow the knee before the only true God, and his son Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent; we are led to indulge the hope that the period is not remote when the world's Redeemer shall have "the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." But a little reflection will serve to convince us that the plan of missionary operations must be multiplied ten thousand fold ere that blessed day shall dawn upon us, when this alienated world shall be brought into voluntary and peaceful subjection to the "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

We would not undervalue the liberal contributions which a Christian public have cast into the missionary treasury. It is not with indifference we regard the cheering fact, that from the hearts of tens of thousands of God's Israel, the prayer is daily ascending, that the "Islands of the sea" may be converted to Him. We do not by any means lightly esteem the success which has attended the unfurling of the blood-bespinked banner in heathen lands. But yet, notwithstanding all this, matter of fact convinces us that, comparatively speaking, little has been done for a world that lieth in wickedness. The work of imparting spiritual life to a dying world hath but just been commenced. The throne of the usurper stands in the front of heaven, and two thirds of the human family are "without God, and without hope in the world." Mohammedanism and Paganism share between them 600,000,000 of the human race. In the densely populated plains of India, the dark banner of the "god of this world" floats in the atmosphere of error and superstition. Juggernaut and Bramah are the disgusting objects of the people's adoration and worship. The Hindoo laughs at our solemnities, and mocks the sacred subjects of our religion.—The standard of the prince of darkness is placed on the walls of China, (which encloses 300,000,000 souls shut up in spiritual darkness), and his black flag is seen waving in Europe, Asia, Africa and America? He sways his ebon sceptre over these vast territories, and contemplates with complacency, that at so late a period of the world's existence, his kingdom still stretches from sea to sea, and from pole to pole.

Let us have recourse to figures—what truthful method of obtaining facts. A million is soon written, read and spoken, but not so easily counted as some might imagine. If we should put down the number of those who have not yet received the truth as it is in Jesus at 890,000,000, (which I suppose is about as near the truth as we can well approach) we may see something of the immensity of this number by admitting the following supposition. They shall be so arranged as that one individual shall pass a certain given line every two seconds—about 50 years must elapse before this long continuous train shall bring up its rear. Christianity has now been making progress in the world for more than 1800 years, and we have no reason to believe that more than 10,000,000, or one eightieth part of the inhabitants of the world, are believers in Christ. Let conversions go on at this rate, and the whole world will be converted to God in 80 times 1800, or 144,000 years. Suppose the world's population to continue during this period as at present, and to change by deaths once in 30 years; and the progress of conversions to be uniform during the whole period; the number who would die unconverted would be 3,160,000,000. This calculation, large as it may appear is very reasonable, for it makes no allowance for the rapid increase of the world's population, through each succeeding generation. How awful the thought, that while we are indulging in a cold and calculating spirit, souls are perishing, falling over the precipice of ruin—plunging into the lake which "burneth with fire and brimstone." Where are the followers of Him whose "parish" was "the world?" Where is our "Christianity in earnest?" Where are our credentials of "life-membership" of our several missionary societies? But more of this in our next.

RICHARD DONKESLEY.

Little Compton, R. I., Jan. 1848.

For the Herald and Journal.

## FORM OF RECEIVING MEMBERS INTO THE M. E. CHURCH.

To enter the Church of Christ is a very solemn transaction. Even in receiving members on probation, we should exercise no little caution, that no person enter the pale of the church who does not give promise of becoming a consistent Christian. Probationers should be earnestly advised to acquaint themselves with our doctrines and general rules, without delay; that if they become fully connected with the church, they may do so understandingly. Every Methodist should possess, and frequently peruse, the Methodist Discipline. But it is believed that thousands of our members never owned this little book, and probably never read it. Are our preachers doing all they can to cure this evil?—Take the hint, brethren. We greatly need more intelligent Methodism. A general dissemination of this cheap, excellent, indispensable little book, would abundantly contribute to this important result.

But in receiving probationers into full connection, ought we not to be a great deal more careful in the examination of the candidates than we usually are? And may not much of the ignorance and inconsistency of too many

among us, be fairly attributed to our too hasty and superficial manner of receiving members?—Who can doubt it? But to the point.

Having had occasion, of late, to receive into full fellowship several persons on trial, the writer drew up the following form for that purpose.—Perhaps it may prove of some little service to some of his younger ministerial brethren. Take it, brethren, for what it is worth. Here it is.

The candidates being called to the altar, in presence of the church, let a brief and appropriate address be delivered to them and to the church, after which a short prayer should be offered. The following questions should then be proposed to the candidates, to be answered by them individually.

1. Have you now a satisfactory evidence of your acceptance with God?

2. Do you expect to be saved from all sin in this life?

3. Are you earnestly seeking full salvation by faith in Christ?

4. Are you resolved to serve God faithfully to the end of life?

5. Do you cherish kind and Christian feelings towards all the members of this church?

6. Do you believe all the doctrines of the M. E. Church, so far as you understand them?

7. Are you satisfied with our rules and usages?

8. Will you continue to live according to them?

9. Will you faithfully attend to all the means of grace, so far as practicable?

10. Will you do all in your power to increase the spirit and practice of religion in the church?

11. Will you heartily labor, according to your strength, with the other members of the church, for the conversion of sinners?

12. Will you kindly receive the counsels, warnings, and reproofs, of your brethren?

13. Will you, according to your ability, contribute your earthly substance to the support of the gospel, and the various institutions of the church?

14. Have you been baptised?

15. Do you consider it your duty and privilege to become permanent members of this branch of the Christian Church?

If these questions shall be satisfactorily answered, ask the church if any of them have any objection to the reception of any one of the candidates. If no objection be offered, ask the church to signify their willingness to receive them by rising. Then, in behalf of the church and the pastor, give to each the "right hand of fellowship," as a token of the cordial welcome extended them to all the privileges of the visible church. Close with the benediction.

Jan. 3. J. S. J. G.

For the Herald and Journal.

## A METHODIST MUSEUM.

Why, what a strange concern that must be. What is it? a collection of old Methodist books, old coats, or old shoes, worn by Wesley and his coadjutors? Oh no, dear reader, nothing of the kind. It is kept in almost every village in New England. Our old Conference preachers always have one. You go to the first itinerant preacher you find, and ask him for the key to his museum, and if he gives you admittance, you will see a curious and wonderful collection of articles: strange, indescribable, nondescript things.

I have seen some large, good-sized museums; I have a little one of my own, quite a small one, just a beginning.

Would you like to know a few of the things sometimes found there? Well, you shall have a short list without any fee.

1. A professor of religion, praying with great fervor that God would convert the world, yet never giving a cent for missions.

2. A man getting shouting-happy and telling how much he loves the cause of God, and how much he is willing to deny self, yet fretting and scolding if any one asks for a little money.

3. A professor, too poor to take a religious newspaper, yet taking three or four political ones.

4. A Christian brother, very much hurt in his feelings, to hear his minister refer to politics on the Sabbath, yet spending the whole Sabbath noon conversing on doings in Congress, and the probability of Taylor or Calhoun being the next President.

5. Another one, who thinks it very wrong to deprecate the Sabbath by holding temperance meetings on the evening of the Lord's day, yet spends the same in visiting his neighbors, or going to see his hired man about the work for Monday morning.

6. A Christian brother, very much opposed to anything like ornamenting our churches, such as furnishing them with blinds, carpeting the aisles, or cushioning the pulpit, yet furnishing his own dwelling with rich carpets, astral lamps and splendid sofas.

7. A follower of the Prince of Peace, with his heart running over with the war-spirit, and rejoicing in the destruction of his fellow-men.

8. A professing Christian family asking the Minister to pray with them, and not one of them kneeling with him.

9. Christian parents who take no interest in the Sabbath school.

10. Christian parents, permitting their children to attend a dancing school.

11. The man who has a periodical head-ache, returning every Sabbath morning.

12. The man who dare not expose his health by going to meeting on a stormy Sabbath, yet is very robust the next Monday, and can sled wood all day, though it storm and blow.

This enumeration may suffice to give a little idea of what may be found in the museum. I don't like to keep such a museum. It is a very disagreeable piece of business. I would to God, brethren, that we had no such concerns, and sincerely do I pray that no addition may be made to the number or variety of the objects.

H. M. N.

Southampton, Mass., Jan. 4.

## ANECDOTE OF LITTLE FATHER ANDRE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "PREDICTORIANA."

"Little Father Andre" holds a distinguished place among those original preachers, whose sermons are seasoned with bonnets and ingenious sallies. He generally mingled pleasantry with instruction in order to entertain his hearers. His family name was Boullanger. He was born at Paris in 1582, was of the order of reformed Augustines, and died in 1657. Some anecdotes will serve to illustrate at once the singularity of the man, and the license of the times.

Once while he was preaching in a country church, a pack of cards flew over his sleeve, and fell among the audience. Every body began laughing. The preacher, without being in the least disconcerted, called on the larger children

that happened to be there, to collect them together; and as they brought them, inquired how the different cards were called. The answers were all promptly given. He then put some questions out of the catechism, which however they were unable to reply to. Then addressing the fathers and mothers:

"Is it thus," said he, "that you neglect the education of your children? You introduce them to the vanities of life, and by the most criminal carelessness, permit them to lose their immortal souls." The impression produced was powerful, and every one perceived that the cards were brought purposely to introduce the pathetic appeal.

Declining one day against the gallantry of the ladies, whose manners at that time were very corrupt, he said there was one in the congregation whose licentiousness was known to him, and that he was going to point her out, that she might be covered with confusion for her sins. "But no," said he, checking himself, "I will not name her; Christian charity forbids. And yet, shall I compromise?—No! what then shall I do to remove the difficulty? I will hit her with my culotte," a leather cap which was worn in his day.—As he said this he suddenly raised it as if about to throw, and added, "Look! look!" For she, he said, "is just there!" All the women in front of the pulpit dashed to escape the threatened blow, when the preacher cried out, "Goodness! I thought there was only one, and here are more than a hundred!"

Being requested to announce a subscription in order to raise a sufficient sum to procure the initiation of a young woman into a sisterhood, which was then required of females taking the veil, he commenced his sermon, "Sirs, I am instructed to recommend to your charity a maiden who has not cash enough to take the vows of poverty."

"This facetious monk once began a sermon with, 'The pope is grass, the king is grass, the queen is grass, monsieur le cardinal is grass, you are grass, I am grass, 'All flesh is grass.'"

Preaching in a monastery which had recently been struck by lightning, Father Andre expatiated on the goodness of God, who took, as he would show, special care of his creatures. "For said he, among other evidences, consider what has happened to this holy house in which I am preaching. The lightning struck the library and consumed it, but injured not a single monk. If, however, it had unfortunately fallen upon the dining-room, or buttry, how many brethren would have been killed! how many tears shed! what desolation would have ensued! Thanks, O, my God! eternal thanks for the regard which thou dost show to thy elect!"

There was a bishop who had never ventured to ascend the pulpit, who, having conceived some grudge against Father Andre, forbade his preaching within his diocese.—"As for that," replied the monk, I forbid his preaching any where in the kingdom."

In a sermon on the wicked rich man, the same preacher made the comparison of a poor man to a hen, and of the rich to a lap-dog.—"As long," said he, "as the rich man is alive, God treats him as the ladies treat their little lap-dogs; they share all their dainties with them and cover them with ribbons, down to the very tail. But when the dog dies they throw him on the dunghill. The hen, on the other hand, but a poor creature that gets nothing but offal to eat; but after her death she is served up with honor at the table of the master. So the rich man, during his life, is happy, but after death is tossed into hell, whilst on the contrary the poor find their place in Abraham's bosom."

Having been apprised that an eminent lady, notorious for a loose and extravagant life, was present incognito at his sermon on the "Prodigal Son," he described minutely her own equipage, in giving an account of the style in which the young man left home.—"He had," said he, "six horses of an iron grey, a handsome coach with scarlet curtains and gold lace, housings all covered with armorial bearings, pages and lacquies, dressed in yellow, etc."

Speaking of the word Hosanna which is sung on Palm Sunday, and of the children who bore branches of it on Christ's entry into Jerusalem, he said, "These children were up a tree; I can't tell you the name of this tree just now, but I will tell you by and by." After the sermon was finished and the preacher was about to descend from the pulpit, he said, "Appropos to that tree about which I was talking, brethren, they call it a Sycamore."

What parallel to Father Andre have we seen in our own day?—Methodist Protestant.

## THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

If three score years and ten be the number of years allotted to man's pilgrimage, I have reached the half-way house of life to-day.

But the average of human life is far below this mark, that flatters the multitude with the hope that their goal is away in the distance. I am now beyond the period which the most of my fellows reach. More than half of the human family die before they are as old as I am. My time then, is nearly out. Let me see what has been done.

Half way to the journey's end! More than that in years, I am as far as that in the business on which I was sent!

"Life is the time to serve the Lord."—Have I done half that God would have me do, in the vineyard which he gave me to keep? My country heart, my house, my neighborhood, my country, my world, have I done half that is required at my hands for these! All that I have done could be reckoned quickly, and would be hardly worth the minute it would take to measure it. It looks small to me, smaller to my neighbors, and in God's sight is contemptible. I have left undone much that I ought to have done, and have done many things that I ought not. An unprofitable servant, truly, and worthy of many stripes. The opportunities of usefulness have been very many and very great, but have been slighted, and the work that was given me to do, is not half done.

This life was to be spent in preparation for the life to come. Am I half-ready to go!—So far from it, I have scarcely begun to prepare. Here is a heart of sinfulness, and there is a fountain opened for its cleansing. But I have not the evidence that it is half clean. There are heights of holiness to which I know that I ought to attain, but I am not half way up. I seem to be just setting out on the pilgrimage, when I ought to be away almost to the celestial city. Alas for me! I shall never get to heaven at this miserable rate of progress.

Instead of being at the half-way house to-day, it seems that I am far past it in the time to which my journey is limited, and far short of it in the work to be done! Both these are against me, then, one of review and resolution. This discovery shall not be lost on me. I will look my deficiencies in the face, confess my shortcomings, and repent in the dust.

Then I will rise up to holier and higher pur-

poses of thought and action. I will look within me, and begin the work of better-doing there. And around me I will look for work, and will do with my might what my hand findeth. The field is white to the harvest. It suffers for want of reapers. The field at home—here in the midst of the people with whom I dwell, there are poor to be relieved, sinners to be reclaimed, mourners to be comforted, ignorant to be taught. Into all the fields of usefulness I might enter and do a little, and it would be accepted according to the talents given. And the wide world invites to labor. This is the very day and hour to be up and doing. Progress is the watch-word of the times. It proves to be progress in error often. I would labor to make it advancement toward God and heaven. The world wants light. The truth must spread, and he who can send one ray into the moral darkness of the earth is blessing it. Millions are dying for the lack of bread, the bread of life; and I can help in the work of feeding the famishing.

And if these thoughts are fitting the day that arrests me on my journey to the grave, they may also be worth the meditation of those who like me, have been unfaithful in many or few things. I will think them aloud. Perhaps another will sit down and take them into his own heart, and then say, "I too have been remiss in duty; I have not done one-half of what I might have done, and God helping me, I will try to do more." Then will it not be in vain that I have mused to-day over a wasted life.

The day is far spent, the night is at hand.—N. Y. Observer. THIRTY-FIVE.

November 4, 1847.

## IMPROPRIETIES IN THE EXPRESSION OF LOVE TO OUR SAVIOR.

Among many Christians it is a common practice, in speaking to, or of the LORD JESUS, to use expressions denoting a high degree of affection; and some preachers, in descending on the sufferings and death of the SAVIOR, adopt a style exceedingly tender and pathetic. Many hymns, now in use among various Protestant congregations, abound in expressions of this nature; and in their prayers are often heard such addresses, as "Dear LORD," "Dear SAVIOR," "Dear REDEEMER," and the like. The views which the venerable founder of Methodism entertained on this subject are well expressed in his sermon "On Knowing Christ after the Flesh." Probably this objectionable style is not so common among the Methodists as among some other classes of Christians; yet there may be some among us who are chargeable on this point, and a caution will not be unseasonable or unimportant to us as a body. To all whose views coincide with those of Mr. Wesley, it will afford pleasure to see his sentiments corroborated by the authority of an eminent American divine, the late Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, Connecticut.—Wesleyan Meth. Mag.

"There are other subjects which I think are often improperly handled in a different manner; a manner, which, without much violence, may be styled too affectionate; viz: the love and the sufferings of Christ. These many preachers labor to describe with as much strength and tenderness as possible. In their efforts to be peculiarly pathetic they often exhibit such images, and adopt such expressions, as have ever appeared to me unsuited to the nature and dignity of the theme. The love of Christ was wonderful in its degree. But it was attended with a glory and a sublimity which repel all familiar views, all diminutive representation, and demand thoughts of the highest reverence, and language of the highest elevation. All those epithets which are applied with the utmost propriety and force to human tenderness, and the soft affections of our race, are here, in my view, wholly misplaced. Even the epithet dear, when applied to the Savior, although sanctioned in many hymns, some of them written by persons of great respectability, has ever appeared to me too familiar, too diminutive, to be applied to this exalted Person; so that I never either hear or read it without pain. At the same time, many of the strong impassioned exclamations, which are often employed in endeavoring to make deep impressions concerning the suffering of the Savior, produce, I acknowledge, on my own mind, the contrary effects. The death of Christ ought never to be lamented in such language as may very properly exhibit our feelings for the intense suffering of a darling child or a beloved friend. How differently has even St. Paul, who, among the writers of the New Testament, and David, who, among those of the Old, have expressed the strongest emotion concerning this affecting subject, exhibited each his own views!—Although they are intense, they are yet always dignified, and very often sublime."—Dwight's Theology, Sermon 153.

## BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The following is an extract from a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Beman:

The almost heavenly vision is before us: it will soon open upon us in all its beauty. The revolution has begun, and the law, and the Bible, and the good men are with us. And who can doubt, that, between all the conflicts of passion, law and order will prevail? The work of purification from the giant vice of our world, is going on; and it will be rendered perfect, under God, by the simple principle of total abstinence from everything that can produce intoxication. This pledge is now the bow of promise to this nation and the world. It spans the heavens in a bold and brilliant arch; and while it tells us that the raging and protracted storm has not yet gone by, it prophesies the morrow will dawn upon us a brighter and a better day. As it was with the bow, to which the eye of the Patriarch of the Old and New World was directed by the finger of God, so it is with this; its beauty and magnificence are the result of heaven's clear light shining on pure water. It is the rainbow of another covenant.

That curse which has for ages scorched and withered the nations, shall be repealed. That curse, beneath the crushing weight of which the earth has groaned, and man died, and widows poured out their streaming tears, and hopeless orphans lifted up their piteous cries, over which every pious and philanthropic heart has bled and still bleeds—shall be chased away from the abodes of men, and be seen no more on the face of the earth. In one word, that curse, which has robbed earth and peopled hell, shall be no more. A race of men shall then stand up in our place.

## REMARKABLE PRECAUTION.

One of the saddest circumstances which exist in this country, is the extraordinary precaution which it is considered necessary to take for the safety of the king. There are, for example, five

large barracks, each occupied by regiments of elite, in the immediate vicinity of the Tuilleries, and eighteen guard houses, each of which is continually occupied, day and night, by a troop of ready and armed men, surrounding the palace. The palace itself is occupied by two hundred and fifty national guards of the infantry battalions, and by twenty-five men of the regiment of horse. There are, besides, three hundred and fifty soldiers of the line, and a troop of fifty men of a cavalry regiment. At nine o'clock at night a detachment, composed of four companies, takes its station in the centre of the palace, and remains all night with loaded arms; eighty sentinels, with loaded arms, keep watch in and around the palace during the night; besides which, patrols and detachments visit every part of the palace and the gardens every half hour; fifty-five of the attendants in the royal gardens, and of the domestics of the royal household, mount guard in the royal apartments during every night armed with double-barrelled guns. In addition to this multitude, there is a number of police agents, aides-de-camp, adjutants, &c., continually on duty. A secret passage leads from the palace to the nearest barracks, and some of the guard houses are provided with ladders, to enable soldiers to enter the palace and gardens at any moment.—French correspondence of the Edinburgh Gazette.

## I WILL GIVE NOTHING.

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."—Prov. xi, 24.

A minister soliciting aid towards his chapel, waited upon an individual distinguished for his wealth and benevolence. Approving the case, he presented to the minister a handsome donation, and, turning to his three sons, who had witnessed the transaction, he advised them to imitate his example. "My dear boys," said he, "you have heard the case; now what will you give?" One said, "I will give all my pockets will furnish;" another observed, "I will give half that I have in my purse;" the third sternly remarked, "I will give nothing."

Some years after, the minister had occasion to visit the same place, and recollecting the family he had called upon, he inquired into the actual position of the parties. He was informed that the generous father was dead; the youth who had cheerfully given all his store, was living in affluence; the son who had divided his pocket money, was in comfortable circumstances; but the third, who had indignantly refused to assist, and haughtily declared he would give "nothing," was so reduced as to be supported by the two brothers.

The above anecdote is a striking illustration of the words of Solomon. Men of property should contribute largely; they should recollect that they are responsible to God for the use they make of their fortune, and that he will hereafter call for the account.—London Christian Witness.

## ENGLISH LIVING IN OLDEN TIMES.

In the reign of Henry VII, the household of the Earl of Northumberland composed 166 persons, who, with 57 strangers, were daily entertained at the Earl's table at a cost of £111 16s 6d per annum. The yearly consumption of the noble family was as follows: 133 oxen, 547 sheep, (the greater part of which were salted,) 25 hogs, 28 veals, and 40 lambs; these seem to have been reserved for the Earl's table, or that of the upper servants called the knight's table. The other servants, who ate salted meat almost the whole year, with few or no vegetables, had a very bad and unwholesome meat. Only 70 ells of linen at £1 per ell, were allowed for this great family, nor were there any sheets. This linen was made into eight table-cloths for the Earl's table, and one for the knight's, this last was washed only once a month. Their allowance of beer and wine was liberal, as they had ten tons and two hogheads of Gascony wine, but the beer was very weak, only one quart of malt having been allowed for two hogheads of it. Of this stuff, 500 hogheads were annually drunk. Only 10 dozen of candles were allowed, and as for soap no mention is made of it, but 40s is the whole sum named as the expense of washing.—The family rose at six in the morning, dined at ten, and supped at four in the afternoon. His lordship and his lady had set on their table at breakfast at seven o'clock in the morning, a quart of beer, as much wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings and four white ones, or a dish of sprats. During the year 160 gallons of mustard were allowed for the use of the household.

## ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN.

The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connection with the effects they produce. An old gentleman



WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1848.

## DOWNWARD TENDENCIES.

We have lately referred to the prevalence of papal errors in the Protestant Episcopal church—errors which have so alarmed its comparatively small evangelical party, as to lead to a national organization, for the promotion of the doctrines of the reformation in that church. The New York Churchman, the organ of the New York diocese, makes editorially, the following extraordinary statements:

"Our differences with the Church of Rome are not in regard to the essentials of the Christian Faith; the errors which we charge upon its members may be consequence, prove subversive of fundamental doctrines, but they do not expressly deny them. We agree with them as respects the foundation; we receive with them the ancient creeds; we agree with them that the scriptures are to be interpreted, so as not to contradict the consent of the Catholic Church; that the heavenly kingdom, of which Christ is the Head and the Holy Spirit the life, is visible on earth; that it is governed by those who derive their authority by an outward and visible succession from the Apostles of our Lord; that the Sacraments convey to worthy recipients the graces which they signify; that the Eucharist is a true and proper sacrifice, offered to the Father for the remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ; and (to omit other points) that there is an intermediate state between death and judgment, in which the soul exists, separately from the body, and that the consummation of the blessedness of the redeemed is reserved until after the Resurrection and the general Judgment. But these points of our agreement with the Church of Rome, are denied by the Protestants who have left the English communion. They deny the doctrine of the Intermediate State; they deny sacramental grace; the Apostolic succession and the visibility of One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church.

The Churchman is not only theoretically attached to these Roman delusions, but gives them a most bigoted practical application; all "Disenters" are without the pale of the "covenant mercies" of God; if they are saved at all, it is as any honest heathen may be saved. It is refreshing amidst such stupid nonsense to meet with a good churchman who shows common sense and Christian liberality in his views on these topics. The distinguished Dr. Arnold thus speaks respecting them:

To insist on the necessity of Episcopacy, is exactly like insisting on the necessity of circumcision; both are and were lawful, but to insist on either as necessary, is un-Christian, and binding the church with a yoke of carnal ordinances, and the reason why circumcision, although expressly commanded once, was declared not binding on Christians, is much stronger against the binding of Episcopacy, which never was commanded at all. I never accused Keeble or Newman of saying, that to belong to a true church would save a bad man; but of what is equally un-Christian, that a good man was not safe, unless he belonged to an Episcopal church; which is exactly not allowing God's seal without it; he is counter-signed by one of their own writings. As to Christianity, there is more of it in one of Mrs. Sherwood's tracts, or Mrs. Cameron's, or indeed of any of the Tract Society's, than in all the two Oxford omissions. And these men would exclude John Bunyan, and Mrs. Fry, and John Howard, from Christ's church, while they would exalt the Nonjurors into confessors, and Laud, into a Martyr! Instead of saying that we should bring in tradition to teach certain doctrines, which Scripture appears to recognize, but does not clearly develop, I should say, that because Scripture does not clearly develop them, therefore they ought not to be taught as essential, nor with any greater degree of precision than is to be found in Scripture; and then I believe that we should have Christian truth exactly in its own proper proportion—what is plain and what is essential, being in effect convertible terms."

## BISHOP HUGHES—THE PURITANS.

It is well known that Bishop Hughes took part in the "New England Society's" celebration at New York, on "Forefathers' Day." No one knowing his character, and the spirit of the hierarchy of which he is the leading member in this country, can ascribe this anomalous conduct to his liberality—it is an instance of sheer Jesuitical policy, and it would be laughable folly to affect, charitably, to give it a better construction. The motive of the managers of the Society in inviting there a man who is known chiefly by his unrelenting hostility to the common school system of that State, is equally obvious: a contemptible and cringing desire to purchase political influence by obsequious attentions to Popery. The Christian Witness (Protestant Episcopal) of this city makes the following comment on this miserable article:

At the annual meeting on the 22d ult., who should be seen on the right hand! of the President of this Puritan society, but the Right Rev. Bishop Hughes! Yes, the veritable Roman Catholic Bishop Hughes of New York, was there in his own proper person. No wonder, was this all, nor was it the most extraordinary part of this meeting. When the time for the toasts arrived, the following sentiment was announced: "The present sovereign Pontiff of Rome, Pius IX." "The toast to Pius," says a New York paper, "was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm." No people in the world have expressed more fear of having the "Beast" let loose to prey upon this fair heritage, than our brethren the descendants of the Puritans; and yet they are among the first to beckon him to the high seat of their feast, to hold the wine cup to his mouth, and pat him with their applause. What would their fathers have exclaimed, could they have returned from the spirit world to behold this scene, in commemoration of their virtues, as men and as pilgrims? It is well known that Bishop Hughes is one of the ablest Roman prelates in this country. He has probably done, and is still doing, more for the spread and support of Romanism in the United States, than any other Bishop of that church. He took a most decided stand on the question relative to the use of the Bible in common schools, and put forth the most energetic efforts to our own vision of the Holy Scriptures from the public schools in New York. He is in fact, Rome's great champion in this land of liberty. In him, Protestants find one of their strongest and most unwearying foes. And yet, after all that he has shown himself to be, he is invited to a New England feast, to hear his master toasted, by the children of Puritans!

The people of New England spurn this indignity done to the memory of their fathers. It is an act of unpardonable reverence to their old ancestral home; they accord to Romanists and all others every right justly due to them as citizens, but they wish the whole world and all time to understand, that neither their fathers before them nor they themselves recognize Popery but as consummate hostility to God and man.

## REV. S. P. WILLIAMS.

Our heart has been affected in reading a letter in the Christian Messenger, from this brother. His family has suffered fearfully from the small pox, which has prevailed in Newbury and other portions of Vermont. The affecting tale is best told in his own language.

Dec. 4th I left home for Danville Quarterly Meeting, with my family in usual health, except my little boy Oscar, who complained of a slight headache, to be absent one week. But on Wednesday night following, I was summoned from my bed, to come home and see my child die. The character of the disease was not yet determined. On arriving, I immediately called Dr. Pool, from Bradford, as counsel, who decided it to be small pox. My son died that afternoon, aged 9 years and 2 months. Immediate efforts were made to protect every member of the family, by vaccination. None of it, however, took effect. Indeed all but the two youngest of the family had been vaccinated at Randolph, five years since; and we were assured by Dr. Jewett of St. Johnsbury we were safe. But in due time, Gratia, Ira, Newton and my wife, came down with the disease. Ira died Dec. 25th, aged 10 years and eight months. Newton died Dec. 28th, aged 5 years and three months. Their sufferings, for three or four days each, were severe beyond

description; so much so that it was a relief to see them die. Mrs. W. and my daughter appear to be doing well, and the prospect of a speedy recovery is quite encouraging. The panic produced by this sudden appearance of small pox among us was quite overwhelming, and, we think, unreasonable. Not a watchman, nurse, or assistant of any kind, could be obtained. Even those who had themselves had the small pox were not allowed to come to our aid, lest they should spread the contagion. Myself and hired girl (the best that could be found) were obliged to be watchers, cook, nurse and all. The civil authority were careful to keep us on our own premises, and not allow any to come upon them, under certain pains and penalties. When a child died, we must close his eyes, lay him out, and perform with our own hands most of the services due the dead. We were aided, however, before all these scenes were passed, by a niece who came from a distance, and a brother, who counted not his own life dear, and who rendered us all the assistance in his power, as soon as he was released from other places. I mention these things to complain, but to correct evils in society, where epidemics make a sudden and fearful appearance. While due caution is taken to prevent the spread of the disease, let the sick and dying have all needful aid. One thing that grieved me much was the fact, that the paper which I had assisted in giving an existence, would not allow me to speak to the dear brethren in the ministry on my district, through its columns, for fear that contagion might be spread. The printer who I penned for them was excluded. The printer did not dare to set type over it, and the editor did not dare to copy. I should not have alluded to this, but to furnish a reason for not giving some direction to the affairs of the District, which was the object of that article to accomplish. My brethren everywhere, I know, will hold me and my dear family at the throne of Grace. In God I trust, in this hour of calamity. \* \* \* To attempt a description of my feelings would be perfectly useless. Others can never appreciate them. None but such as have passed such an ordeal can enter into our secrets.

We need not assure our afflicted brother that thousands of hearts beat with sympathy for him, as they read in our columns this touching account of his sufferings. May God bless him and his in their sorrows, and send them deliverance.

## MURDERS IN IRELAND.

Terrible scenes are transpiring in Ireland. Murders occur in all parts of the country, and these murders are instigated at the altar by the Priests. The papers abound in frightful details. Parliament has referred to the subject in its debates, and the English papers state that the following petition is now being numerously signed, addressed to both houses of Parliament: "The humble petition, &c., &c., SHOWETH—That your petitioners implore your honorable house to take into consideration the treasonable, seditious and immoral practices of the Romish priesthood in Ireland; that they may be visited with such penalties as they justly deserve; and that steps may be taken to bring forward those especially who denounce from the altar (and who thereby become the instigators of the murder of) Protestant landlords, and others who have excited their animosity. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray."

## FATHER MATTHEW.

Father Matthew will leave England for this country in the packet ship New World, Capt. Knight, on the 21st of April, Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn & Co., of New York, having offered him a free passage. In a letter to Thurlow Weed, Esq., editor of the Albany Journal, making the announcement, he says further:

Although it will be a great sacrifice to me to leave Ireland, yet still I am exceedingly anxious to gratify the wishes of the patrons and supporters of our sacred cause in America; and also to express in person my warmest acknowledgments to your high-minded countrymen, for the noble aid they afforded our destitute poor in their late calamity. I regret to be obliged to say that the prospects are still very gloomy in Ireland. The laboring population are not in general employed, and though provisions are cheap, thanks to the supplies of Indian corn, they are without the means of purchasing them.

## NEW CHURCH AT SANDWICH, MASS.

We had the pleasure of visiting our esteemed brother Hatfield of Sandwich on the occasion of the dedication of the new Methodist temple in that thriving village. The dedication took place on Friday morning, the 7th inst.

There was a very large assembly in attendance. The order of exercises was as follows: 1. Anthem, by the choir; 2. Reading Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Pease (Orthodox Congregationalist); 3. Hymn; 4. Dedication Prayer, by Rev. B. Othman; 5. Hymn; 6. Sermon, by the editor of the Herald; 7. Prayer, by Rev. Lewis Bates; 8. Anthem; 9. Benediction, by Rev. F. Upham; 10. Voluntary, by the Choir.

The Building is one of the most commodious ones erected by our church in New England. We condense from the Sandwich Observer the following particulars.

It is 60 feet long, 32 wide, and 34 high. The front is surmounted by a steeple. There are three rows of windows on the sides, the lowest row lighting the basement, and the other rows the main body of the house. The windows are furnished with green blinds. The outside of the edifice is painted white. In the basement are two vestries, a study for the clergyman, and closets for the Sunday School library, and the keeping of oil, fuel, &c. The larger vestry will seat about 400 persons. The Sabbath School will meet here, and here also the Sunday evening prayer meetings will be held. The furnaces which will supply the heated air to warm the whole building are in this vestry. In the smaller vestry, which will hold about 100 persons, the prayer and class meetings will be held on week-day evenings. The principal entrances to the vestries are from the porch, and by side doors near the front through entries. There is also a door in the rear, admitting to the basement. In the same part is a flight of stairs by which the pulpit can be reached from the study. Entering the church in front, there is the usual porch, from which on each hand steps lead up to an entry, and from this there is passage by three doors into the body of the house, and by other flights of steps to the singers' gallery. The beautiful room in which the meetings for preaching will be convened, contains 100 pews, arranged on the sides of three carpeted aisles, making six rows besides the wing pews near the altar. Each pew will accommodate five grown persons, so that with the other seats occupied, a congregation of about 600 may assemble within the walls of the sanctuary. The gallery will hold 1000. The desk is at the end opposite the gallery. It contains a sofa, and the design and finish, like those of the other furniture of the hall, accord with modern ideas of simplicity and elegance. From the central ceiling is suspended a gilded chandelier, the gift of Deane Jarvis, Esq., to the Society. It cost about \$100.

The pews were prized at \$8300. The sales by auction took place on the afternoon of the dedication, and were successful enough to guarantee with little further effort the liquidation of the cost of the edifice. The architect of the church was Mr. Peleg Mason of Fall River, and the builders, Messrs. James, Hull & Dean.

The brethren at Sandwich, co-operating with their talented and energetic pastor, have thus reared a temple which is an ornament to their Village, and will we trust, prove a blessing to them and their children. The day of its dedication was to us personally one of much interest. It was closed by an able sermon in the evening from the pastor, on the peculiarities of Methodism.

Two Elders of the Protestant Methodist Church were admitted to the Mississippi Conference at its late session.

## SPIRIT OF THE METHODIST PRESS.

PITTSBURGH ADVOCATE.—Article on the plan of Zion's Herald, for the Settlement of the Property Question.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.—Border difficulties.—Southern interpretation of the Plan of Separation.—What shall the next General Conference do with the Plan?—Singing in the olden times.—The Property Question.

SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.—The Property Question.—An article against a law suit.

Our brother editor of the PITTSBURGH ADVOCATE rejoices over an increasing list of subscribers; he reports about 5000. Most of our papers, we should judge from recent notices, are growing in patronage. The Pittsburg Advocate deserves its success; it is edited with talent and in the genuine spirit of Christian courtesy.

It contains an article from Rev. J. Monroe, an influential member of the Pittsburg Conference, on the "Property Question." He says:—

It is matter of encouragement to all who desire an amicable adjustment of this perplexing subject, to perceive that there are many of our brethren turning their attention to it in all its bearings, endeavoring to ascertain by what method a satisfactory adjustment of all claims may be met, and all matters in dispute be so settled as shall redound to the glory of God, and secure the greatest amount of good to all concerned. And I, for one, am much gratified to perceive evidences of an increasing spirit of forbearance and kindness diffusing itself through the different articles which have lately appeared in our periodicals on this subject. I trust the principle of "brotherly kindness" is on the increase, both North and South; and my prayer is, that it may increase, until all bitterness, and strife, and anger, and hard speech, and uncharitable judging, shall cease from among us.

He thus refers to some of the plans proposed for the adjustment of the question, that of Zion's Herald, among others:

I was much pleased with brother Hopkins' examination of this matter, and I still think that he is entitled to our thanks for his patient investigation of the subject, but I was more especially pleased to find, that notwithstanding the embarrassment which seemed to lie in the way of a division of the Book Concern and Chartered Fund, he was still in favor of giving the Church, South, what would be equal to their proportion of those establishments; and although I saw, or thought I saw, objections to both the plans proposed by him, yet I believed that the wisdom of the coming General Conference would be competent to so modify these, or to devise some other plan of settlement that would be satisfactory, that I took encouragement to believe that the end so much to be desired by all among us who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, would be reached, namely, an amicable adjustment in a Christian spirit, of a perplexing and exciting subject. And when I saw the article from Zion's Herald copied into your paper of December 8th, I was more than pleased, because I thought the mode of settlement therein proposed would obviate all legal difficulties, be equally honorable and advantageous to both parties, would supercede the necessity of the action of Annual Conferences, and bring matters to a speedy conclusion. Indeed I could not see how any valid objection could be found against the plan.

We have heretofore mentioned that the editor of the Richmond Christian Advocate dissents from our proposition respecting the property in question, and thinks the matter can only be set at rest by an appeal to the law of the land. The correspondent of the Pittsburg Advocate speaks as follows of the Richmond views of the subject:

But I regret exceedingly to find our brother so very tenacious about the abstract question of right, that rather than listen to the "mode" of settlement proposed by Zion's Herald, he would be willing to take the "long path, round by Caesar's judgment seat." This "long path" may indeed be very plain to his mind, but if he ever undertakes to travel it he will find it strown with difficulties, which he does not now anticipate. He is by no means sure that the question of "right" is there settled according to his wishes; he might possibly be greatly disappointed. But I am very sorry that while others are endeavoring to devise ways and means for the peaceable settlement of our difficulties, that our brother should throw out this threat; if things are not adjusted to his notions of "right," we are to be subjected to a lawsuit. Let men of the world rush heedlessly into expensive and vexatious law-suits. But a minister of Christ's holy gospel should blush to threaten any thing of the kind, until every other means has been tried and failed. But our brother closes his article by expressing a hope that at the next General Conference "every thing will be done decently and in order."

To which we most heartily say, amen. And we also most devoutly hope and pray, that all who come up to that Conference to promote strife, or to encourage litigation, may meet with a signal rebuke, by the gentleness of spirit and meekness of judgment which characterize the deliberations of that body. And that they may give to the world an example of the influence of that "charity which suffereth long and is kind." That so the world may be constrained to say, "see how these Christian ministers love one another."

The editor of the Pittsburg Advocate appends the following note to the article:

As this article will be read by persons abroad, as well as by those in this region of the country, we may remark that the writer is one of the oldest, most experienced, and most influential members of the Pittsburg Conference, and a delegate to the next General Conference.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL contains a long article from Rev. Thos. H. Busey, of the border difficulties which have taken place between Rockingham and Madison counties, Virginia. It consists chiefly of personal testimony, showing the unjustifiable encroachments of the "M. E. Church South," into that portion of the Baltimore Conference. Dr. Bond presents some important views on the general subject in his comments on these local difficulties. He says that the Southern Bishops have taken such a view of the "Plan of Separation."

As to destroy all its restrictions on the exercise of their episcopal prerogatives, and they have sent preachers to New Jersey wherever they have been asked for by majorities or minorities; or at least, they have taken no other evidence for majorities but what have been furnished by their own partisans, wholly disregarding any counter testimony. They have acted upon the untenable principle that circumstances under the denomination of "societies and stations on the border," thus rendering and tearing in pieces such circuits; some societies being for, and some against change of relation; and to carry out this principle to the utmost extent of evil, they have allowed repeated trials of strength by the parties, and sending preachers wherever they could get their own party to apply to be taken into the Southern Church. Finally, they have declared the border a movable line, so that when they have procured the secession of a society, station, or circuit, from the M. E. Church, the next one becomes a border, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Now, surely, they cannot with this interpretation of the "Plan of Separation," pretend to consider it a "peace measure," as they were fond to represent it in its passage in the General Conference, and which character procured its adoption. Under the present views of the New Church, the General Conference could not have devised a more fruitful scheme for the engendering and perpetuation of strife and contention. The Methodist E. Church has, therefore, nothing left but to abolish the "Plan of Separation" at the next General Conference, declaring it *ab initio*, from the beginning, null and void, and of no effect. It was a wrong—an injustice to thousands of most deserving members of the church, when it was enacted; and it has not even the semblance of expediency to justify its form. In its execution it is found to restrain one party only—the other is interpreting it as to leave them without check, or control in their encroachments, whether effected by fair play or by Lynch law, as in Parkersburg, and on the Eastern shore of Virginia.

Bishop Capers, the Advocate contends, violated the "Plan," in visiting the region referred to by Rev. Mr. Busey, for the purpose of recognizing a company of seceders at Harrisonburg.

Now to have a distinct understanding of this open and palpable violation of the "Plan of Separation," which the Bishop with his friends of the Louisville Convention declared they predicated their right to establish "a new ecclesiastical organization," it is necessary to keep in view the fact, that even if the

"Swift Run Gap" society had seceded, the East Rockingham circuit still remained bound to the Harrisonburg and the Virginia Conference, and cross the mountain where he would, by any known public road, the Bishop must pass preaching places and societies of the M. E. Church in order to reach Harrisonburg. He could, to be sure, by a route as crooked as a worm fence, avoid seeing them, and his guides would most likely take the necessary precaution. But these intervening adhering societies are nevertheless there, and right in the way of the union of Harrisonburg and the Virginia Conference, under the "Plan of Separation." How then, can we account for Bishop Capers' conduct in relation to Harrisonburg? Why very easily, although in this particular case it cannot be brought within any interpretation of the plan except that of Bishop Capers himself. It will be recollected that in a letter from the Bishop to a Presiding Elder of the Virginia Conference, which was published some time ago, he contends that we have all, Old and New Church, been mistaken as to the border referred to in the "Plan of Separation." The General Conference intended "state lines," not "conference lines"; and therefore he is at liberty to establish churches and send preachers anywhere in a slaveholding State. With this view of the matter to be sure, all Virginia, and Maryland too, is under Bishop Capers' Episcopal jurisdiction. But we think even the blindness of party spirit itself, will not sustain the Bishop's commentary. Indeed, it requires the utmost stretch of charity to suppose he believes it himself.

A correspondent of the Advocate contends, in an excellent spirit, but we think with unsound reasoning, for a "proportionate division" of the church property, and we should judge from a small note appended that Dr. Bond concurs with him, though this impression is not certain. We hold that the property cannot be divided; but that on the plan heretofore proposed in these columns, the south may be provided with full redress without any such compromise. This plan has hitherto met with no opposition in the northern church, except from a few New England correspondents of our own paper. These correspondents would refuse not only a division of the property, but all redress whatever, to the South; we would remind these brethren that by thus opposing the only mode in which (as we think) redress can be made without division of the property, they may force on the church a division. So far as we can judge, the middle (especially the Baltimore and Philadelphia) Conferences, will insist on some honorable adjustment of this question, and if all views similar to our own are defeated, then a division of the property will follow, or for aught we know, other divisions of the church. May God give us of the East and our brethren everywhere, wisdom to see the consequences of our measures.

An old Methodist speaks as follows in the Advocate, on Singing.

How came Methodist preachers and their people in captivity as it respects singing? I remember the time when Methodist preachers almost universally sung God's praises heartily in public assemblies, in families, and sometimes on the road as they travelled. I think Francis Ward was the first Methodist preacher that ever prayed in my father's family. I was then a child; yet his singing remains in my memory, with his solemn, easy manners. Much is said about the former success of Methodist preachers; but, in summing up the cause of that success, I think one of the main articles has been left out, and that is their singing. I never knew such singers as they used to be. Their singing prepared the people to hear their preaching as nothing else could. Many a Saul has been sung into good nature and quietness by them. Their singing made them welcome to all families; and when they began their heart, melting singing, the young people and domestics would come creeping in from their hiding places, where they had fled when they saw the preachers coming, and would not sit to hear the singing, but the praying, and conversation, too; and by hearing their singing, the people learned to sing as they themselves learned to pray by hearing them pray, and with the same spirit too; and, in my humble opinion, they must do it again.

Though a young man, yet are we somewhat old as a Methodist, having been more than twenty years in the blessed brotherhood; and we remember well the gloody old times referred to by this brother. Would they were yet with us.

THE SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE (Charleston S. C.) contains a very unexpected but sensibly written article on the "property question" which argues against a law suit, and proposes that the South should go to work, throwing themselves on the public sympathy as a wronged party, and provide a Book Concern of their own. The writer is, however, alone in his opinion so far as we can judge; the Southern Conferences have thus far quite uniformly voted for a resort to legal measures if others should fail. The course proposed by this shrewd writer would doubtless produce no small sensation of sympathy for the South and indignation against the North. We could, however, justify ourselves before the public by setting forth the insurmountable obstacles in the way of a formal division of the property, and by making such an overture as we have contended for in these columns—one that would, for all intrinsic purposes, be better for the South than a real division of the property.

## THE CHURCHES.

TAUNTON.—Rev. W. Livesey writes, Jan. 1.—We are enjoying a season of revival; about half a score have been converted, and the prospect is quite encouraging.

WARE, MASS.—REV. C. L. Eastman writes, Jan. 4. I will say that the Lord has been reviving his work in this place the past season, in a glorious manner. Fifty have joined the church on trial; most of them have professed to be converted or reclaimed, though some are persons that have come here without letters, and have shown their attachment to the house of God, and Methodism, by joining again on trial. The work still goes on; our meeting house is becoming too small for the increase of the congregation. On Sabbath evenings, prayer meetings are well attended by respectable and serious people. Though these are held in the meeting house, some have to go away for want of seats. We are praying to the God of battles to send a great and glorious victory, that the glory may be seen from afar.

REV. S. QUIMBY writes.—I am desired to say through the Herald, that in Grantham, since Conference, fifteen have been converted and reclaimed; eleven united with the church, on probation, and the prospect is good for a more general work. I would add, there are several interesting revivals in progress on Concord District.

We learn by a private letter from Westfield, that our church affairs there have at present a very encouraging appearance—large and attentive congregations—general seriousness, some conviction and occasional conversions. Thirteen have united with the church on probation quite recently, and twelve were at the altar for prayer the evening before our correspondent wrote. "Many Christians," says our authority, "are groaning for greater conformity to the image of Christ. We have not a revival," in the usual sense of that term, but are enjoying a season of refreshing, and think it is from the presence of the Lord. A donation party was recently made for the pastor, which passed off, so far as is known, with universal satisfaction. It was a season of Christian intercourse both cheerful and serious, and resulted, beside its socialities, in a pecuniary benefit to the pastor of some seventy-five or eighty dollars."

MARLBORO'.—Rev. H. Moulton writes us, 10 inst.—The revival in Marlboro' is still progressing. It has been of a very interesting character. Forty or more have united with us, and many more have been converted and reclaimed from a backslidden state.

THE MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE reports 10,020 white, and 5,741 colored members; showing a decrease of 188. Its missionary collections the past year amounted to \$2500. Small for its capabilities.

## FOREIGN ITEMS.

DR. PUSEY AND HIS NUNNERY.—We have received, says the Church and State Gazette, some further particulars as to the interference of this gentleman with the religious functions of his own, and other dioceses. It appears that a nunnery actually exists under his control and direction, called "The Home," and situated in Regent's Park, where the rules established exceed in austerity those of most Romanist conventional establishments.

ARMENIANS.—The present aggregate of communicants in the four reformed churches is one hundred and thirty-nine, of whom eighty-nine are connected with the church at the capital. The number of Armenians, men women and children, who are actually separated from their former church and now openly profess Protestantism, in Turkey and Syria, is reckoned at one thousand and seven. Besides these, there are nearly three thousand, who are known to their own people, and to others, to be of Protestant sentiments, but who still retain a loose connection with their former churches. A much larger number must be more or less desirous of seeing the reformation advance.

THE DEVIL'S PRESS IN LONDON.—Six papers of an immoral stamp, are issued in London every Lord's Day, circulating 6,000,000 copies yearly. Four others weekly circulate 5,720,000 copies of a vicious tendency. There are besides seventy cheap periodicals, of which sixty are decidedly bad: one of these circulates 100,000 a week. The sum total of this vicious circulation is not less than twenty-nine millions of copies annually; nearly five million more than the total issues of all the religious societies, papers, magazines and reviews in that kingdom. Every month's issues of this pernicious reading exceed the yearly publications of the London Tract Society.

THE DIFFERENCE.—An English letter-writer in Ireland says: "It is cheering to see what God is doing in this land, so ruined and degraded by the withering influence of Popery. What a contrast between the North of Ireland and the South, the Protestant part and the Roman Catholic portions. Peace and plenty, in a great measure, are enjoyed in the former; while poverty, indolence, superstition, degradation and violence fill the Roman Catholic portions. Capitalists have never been able to establish manufactories among the Roman Catholics, on account of the great number of holidays utterly incompatible with a profitable business in manufacturing. The operatives either claim exemption from work on these days, or if they labor, the wages of the holiday must go to the Priest. It is easy to see that under such circumstances, they will very religiously observe the holidays. Thus it is, that not only ignorance and superstition are fostered by Popery, but it also begets indolence and beggary. There is not a solitary Roman Catholic country where all these are not its legitimate results. They abolish the Sabbath, debase it by sinful amusements, and make holidays of the time which should be employed in making an honest livelihood."

STATE RECOGNITION OF ROMANISTS.—The London Globe says that circulars have been issued from Downing street, instructing the authorities in the colonies to address the Roman Catholic prelates in such colonies by the title to which their rank in their own church may appear to give them a just claim, officially styling them "your grace," or "your lordship," as the case may be. As, however, Parliament, in the Charitable Bequests Act, on which this instruction is founded, has, for obvious reasons, not sanctioned this assumption by the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland of titles derived from the sees which they hold, a similar rule is to be observed in the colonies, so that the Roman Catholic prelate in New South Wales will merely be addressed as the Most Reverend Archbishop Polding, and in Van Diemen's Land as the Right Reverend Bishop Wilson.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND.—There are in Ireland, at this moment, 2,735 Roman Catholic priests, 2,205 Roman Catholic churches, 25 colleges, 59 convents, 93 nunneries, and 42 monasteries.

THE SABBATH AND POST OFFICE.—A preliminary meeting was held recently, at Freemason's Hall, London, to take into consideration the rumored increase of Sunday duty at the General Post Office. Among the persons present were Lord Ashley, who took the chair, Earl Waldegrave, the Hon. A. Kinard, the Hon. and Rev. B. Noel, T. Harker, Esq., the Rev. Daniel Wilson, the Rev. John Harding, and many other of the clergy and gentry, &c. A memorial to the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, First Lord of the Treasury, &c., was unanimously agreed to, pointing out the serious evils of Sunday labor, and urging the necessity of the fullest observance of the Sabbath by all persons employed by the Post Office in town and country, and bringing under the consideration of his lordship the question, whether, by the completion of the main lines of railroad throughout the country, the moment has not arrived for placing the business of the Post Office on a consistent, reasonable, and Christian-like footing?

THE POPE AND HIS PARLIAMENT.—The true character of the Pope is at length beginning to appear, to the disappointment of many of his well-wishers. He opened his Parliament in person, by a speech from the throne. The speech is rather a curiosity in its way. By big words his Holiness strives to give the greatest importance to the little acts by which he has signaled himself since his accession. The press still groans under fetters; the Bible is still an interdicted book; not one comprehensive measure, tending to the real emancipation of his subjects, has distinguished his administration; and yet the Pope speaks as if neither Liberty or Reform had been known in the world till he arose. It appears plain, from the speech, that the Pope feels that he has nearly reached the limits of his reforms; for he indicates that, though still willing to do all he can for his subjects, his policy henceforward, must be of a conservative kind. He takes care to tell the deputies composing his Parliament or *convolto*, that they are to possess no real powers; that their duty is to give his Holiness their opinion when necessary, and to aid him in his sovereign resolutions, in which he would consult his own conscience. And, speaking, with "some civility and some heat," he added, "any body who would take any other view of the functions you are called to fulfil, would mistake materially, as well as they that would see in the Council of State I have created, the realization of their own utopias, and the germ of an institution, incompatible with the Pontifical authority." On the sovereignty of the Pope, his Holiness is resolved not to trench. In short this council of State is a mere sham; the Pope tells them plainly that he will take their advice only when it suits his purpose. This *convolto* consists of a President and Vice President, with twenty-four provincial deputies. Its assembling was celebrated at Rome with *fetes* and processions during the day, and balls and illuminations in the evening.

THE POPE'S REAL CHARACTER.—The real character of Pope Pius as a Reformer is becoming more and more developed. Some time ago he refused to receive M. Le Clerc, an Ambassador from Belgium, because he was opposed to the Jesuits. This refusal is now commented on with considerable bitterness and severity by the French press. Another instance has lately occurred. It was expected the Pope had established a modified freedom of the press, the censorship

being much relaxed. Trusting to this, a Roman journal published an article against the Jesuits. The paper soon had occasion to rue its temerity, for it was instantly suppressed, and even the Censor who permitted the article to pass, was removed from his situation. This gave rise to much dissatisfaction among the journalists; and a meeting was held, when the Papal Minister explained what his intentions were with regard to the press, which gave more offence than ever, and the feeling was so strong, that the Pope, on his next going out, was received with marked coldness by the people. Explanations have since been made, and it is asserted that the Pope means to allow perfect liberty; but the details by which his intentions are to be carried into effect, have not yet been explained.

## THE JEWS IN ENGLAND.

We referred last week to the debate in the British Parliament on the political disabilities of the Jews.—Lord John Russell's resolution was carried by a vote 253 to 186. Lord Bentinck voted for it, against the sense of his party. The resolution is in these words:

That it is expedient to remove all civil disabilities at present existing, affecting Her Majesty's subjects of the Jewish religion, with the like exceptions as are provided for Her Majesty's subjects professing the Roman Catholic religion.

A bill, carrying the resolution into effect, was to be introduced on the 22d Dec., the 7th of February being assigned for its second reading.

PROVIDENCE CHURCH ACADEMY.—We learn privately from East Greenwich, R. I., of the continued prosperity of the Academy there. The boarding house is nearly full, and more students are in the Seminary than ever before since the school has been in charge of the present Board of Trustees. During the past term seven of the students have been converted, and several who went there much backslidden have been reclaimed. Within the past five months our church, in the village, has been blessed with a considerable degree of religious interest, and more than twenty have been converted. These conversions have not been the result of any great excitement, for there have been no special meetings, but of earnest prayer and much effort on the part of the pastor, and many of the members. The fruits of such efforts are more likely to be permanent.

REV. JACOB STEVENS.—The Christian Messenger says: "We regret to learn that this dear brother is dangerously sick. We solicit, for him, an interest in the prayers of the church. It is melancholy to see our strong young man sinking under the power of disease." We since learn through another channel, that brother S. is recovering.

BRETHREN ABROAD, who write us for the paper which contained our proposition on the "Property Question," are informed that we cannot send it; the agent reports that there are no more on hand.

ELIHU BURRITT writes from England, to the Christian Citizen, that the Belgians are "going ahead" finely in their postal reformation. They have reduced the postage on newspapers to five centimes, or to one cent; and are debating whether letters shall be charged one penny or two pence. He also says that "Ocean Penny Postage" is making fine headway in the current of public opinion of England. Several influential newspapers have recently taken up the idea, and advocated it with earnestness and ability. Inland penny postage in America is all that is wanting to prove that penny postage for the Ocean will pay.

ERROR IN THE MINUTES.—An error occurred in the returns of members in the Ohio Conference, as published in the General minutes, according to a statement of the Secretary of that Conference. The total in the minutes is 62,212; it should be 63,212.







# CHRIST IN THE STORM.

Down from the mountain's frowning brow  
The angry tempest swept;  
The dashing waves o'erleaped the bark  
Where Jesus sweetly slept.  
He slept amid the howling winds,  
But waked to suffering's cry—  
Most true disciples perish, Lord!  
Oh, save from death, we pray!

Master, behold what earnest toil  
To bring our bark to land;  
But all our efforts are in vain,  
The ship will surely strand.  
The angry sea still mocks our fears,  
And laughs at our dismay,  
Oh, Jesus, say, shall we be lost?  
Oh, save us now, we pray!

The many perils we have past  
Since first we followed Thee,  
Thy angry sea still mocks our fears,  
Thy wrathful tempest darker grew,  
Thou hast surely led us here,  
Our refuge from this stormy blast,  
Our guide upon the sea;  
O Jesus, say, shall we be lost?  
Oh, save us now, we pray!

'T was thus the poor disciples prayed,  
While o'er Gennesareth's wave  
The fearful tempest darker grew,  
Nor human aid could save.  
Master, we perish but for Thee  
In agony they cry,  
Do'st thou not lead our deep distress?  
Save us, Oh Lord, we pray!

Just then, the Savior rose and said  
With God-like majesty,  
Ye winds be still, 'tis I that speak!  
Ye waves, at once obey!  
Hushed were the winds, the waves becalmed  
In beautiful stillness lay,  
'Who but the Son of God is here,  
Whom winds and sea obey!'

Children of hope in every hour  
That Savior's grace is nigh;  
And when life's sea breaks wild and dark,  
Oh, lift to him your cry!  
His power can still the raging storm,  
His love chase fear away,  
Then be not faithless, but believe,  
For Christ will hear you pray.

Portsmouth, Dec. 31, 1847.

## FOR THE HERALD AND JOURNAL.

### LINES

#### ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

He's gone, his Christian warfare now is o'er;  
Released from earth, the weary soul's at rest;  
Its cares and sorrows compass him no more;  
With joy supreme, he reigns among the blest.  
Rest, weary spirit, in thy bright abode,  
And praise, in ceaseless strains, the Lamb of God.

He's gone—the valiant soldier of the cross  
Safely has passed o'er life's tumultuous sea;  
He counted all things here on earth but loss—  
To gain a blissful immortality.  
He's fought the fight, he's won at last the prize—  
A glorious home, a mansion in the skies.

He's gone, and left behind his kindred dear,  
In sorrowing silence o'er his grave to weep;  
There many a mourner sheds the bitter tear  
On that loved spot where he in peace doth sleep.  
But wherefore mourn? When earthly toils are o'er,  
We'll meet again, where parting is no more.

He's gone—yet lingering in this vale of woe,  
Is many a traveller to that home above,  
Who held sweet counsel with him here below,  
Yet onward toward their heavenly rest they move.  
In hope of meeting him who's gone before,  
When they shall stand on the eternal shore.

He's gone from earth; we feel his absence here;  
His soul has fled to happier realms above,  
And o'er his grave we shed full many a tear  
In fond remembrance of the one we loved.  
Yes, he is gone; but we're not meant again,  
And through eternity together reign.

Farewell, blessed spirit, now a last farewell;  
Rest thou in peace; rest in thy home above;  
Ever thy voice with angel hosts shall swell  
In notes divine a Savior's dying love.  
Adieu, again, thou spirit of the just,  
Welcome the hour when we in Christ shall rest.

Millbury, Dec. 26, 1847.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

Br. SIMEON GERRISH died in Hiram, Me., Dec. 17, aged 20 years and 6 months. Being absent, he returned home Thursday, and the following Wednesday his spirit took its flight to the God who gave it; so suddenly did this young man fall a victim to the hand of death. Br. Gerrish experienced religion five years since, and when he came to die found it competent to sustain him in the last conflict. He could say, welcome death, thou end of fears, I am prepared to go. His friends deeply feel their loss, but their loss is his gain. A. P. SANBORN.  
Porter, Me., Jan. 3.

Sister DOROTHY LIBBY, wife of Mr. Stephen Libby, died in Porter, Me., Dec. 10, aged 57 years. For many years she had been in possession of religion, and a worthy member of M. E. Church. When brought upon a death-bed she was perfectly reconciled to the will of God, and died in peace. A. P. SANBORN.  
Porter, Jan. 3.

Br. EBENEZER HEYWOOD died in Grantham, Dec. 8, aged 70 years, leaving a wife, eight children, and a large circle of relatives and friends. He was a prudent and good man in the various relations of life.

Also his sister, Miss POLLY HEYWOOD, died Oct. 11, aged 75 years. They both had been the disciples of Jesus, by profession and in life, for 35 years, and faithful members of his church. Their last sickness, which was protracted and very painful, was endured with Christian resignation, and the grace which saved them in life, gave victory and triumph in death.

Claremont, Jan. 4.  
Will the Morning Star and Independent Democrat please copy.

Br. STELMAN SIMONDS died Jan. 2d, by a singular and sudden occurrence. While about his labor he lost the end of a finger, which was followed by inflammation which entered the head; he died in two weeks from the accident. But he was ready. For many years he was a worthy member of the M. E. Church, and sustained faithfully the offices of steward and class-leader. He was a good man. His life was even, but best of all his death was triumphant. His physician said, Mr. Simonds, you are going. He replied, yes, but I am going right. For about two hours he shouted glory to God. As his companion entered the room, he said, wife praise the Lord, and lifting his hands, he exclaimed, O, happy spirits, happy spirits, referring, as we believe, to those who were waiting to convey him to that place where "there shall be no more death." He left a wife and one child to mourn his loss. I. J. P. COLLYER.  
Cambridgeport, Mass.

ISAAC N. WHITTIER, died in Vienna, Me., Oct. 29, aged 38 years, having been for 21 years a consistent Christian, and 17 years a class-leader. For a short time he had held an exhorter's license. He was distinguished for his zeal in religious duty, and unceasing liberality in the support of the institutions of the gospel. Death came suddenly upon him, but found him ready. He has left a deeply afflicted widow with two children, in whose behalf we must not cease to pray that he who wounds may heal, and at last unite them all in heaven. F. A. CRAFTS.

Sister ROWENNA WEEKS, died Dec. 28, 1847, aged 21 years. Her last testimony was "Jesus supports me." She had been sick but a few days and was not considered dangerous until a few hours previous to her death. When told she was dying, she exclaimed, I do not fear to die. To all her friends she said, prepare to meet me in heaven. H. M. N.  
Southampton, Mass.

## SKETCHES.

### THE SOFT ANSWER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I'll give him law to his heart's content, the scoundrel!" said Singleton, walking backward and forward, in a state of angry excitement. "Don't call harsh names, Mr. Singleton," said lawyer Trueman, looking up from the mass of papers before him, and smiling in a quiet, benevolent way, that was peculiar to him. "Every man should be known by his true name. Williams is a scoundrel, and so he ought to be called," responded the client with increasing warmth. "Did you ever do a reasonable thing in your life when you were angry?" asked Mr. Trueman, whose age and respectability gave him license to speak thus freely to his young friend, for whom he was endeavoring to arrange some business difficulty with his former partner.

"I can't say that I ever did, Mr. Trueman; but now, I have good reason for being angry, and the language I use in reference to Williams is but the expression of a sober and rational conviction," replied Singleton, a little more calmly.

"Did you pronounce him a scoundrel before you received this reply to your last letter?" asked Mr. Trueman.

"No, I did not; but that letter confirmed my previously formed impression of his character."

"But I cannot find, in that letter, any evidence proving your late partner to be a dishonest man. He will not agree to your proposed mode of settlement, because he does not see it to be the most proper way."

"He won't agree to it, because it is an honest and equitable mode of settlement, that is all!—He wants to overreach me, and is determined to do so if he can!" responded Mr. Singleton, still excited.

"There you are decidedly wrong," said the lawyer. "You have both allowed yourselves to become angry, and are both unreasonable; and if I must speak plainly, I think you are the most unreasonable, in the present case. Two angry men can never settle any business properly."

"You have unnecessarily increased the difficulties in the way of a speedy settlement, by writing Mr. Williams an angry letter, which he has responded to in the like unhappy temper. Now if I am to settle this business for you, I must write all letters that pass to Mr. Williams, in future."

"But how can you properly express my views and feelings?"

"That I do not wish to do, if your views and feelings are to remain as they now are—for anything like an adjustment of the difficulties under such circumstances, I should consider hopeless," replied Mr. Trueman.

"Well, let me answer this letter, and after that, I promise that you shall have your own way."

"No, I shall not consent to any such thing. It is the reply to that letter, which is to modify the negotiation for a settlement, in such a way as to bring success or failure; and I have no idea of allowing you, in the present state of your mind, to write such a one as will most assuredly defeat an amicable adjustment."

Singleton paused some time before making a reply. He had been forming in his mind a most cutting and bitter rejoinder to the letter alluded to, and he was very desirous that Mr. Williams should have the benefit of knowing that he thought him a "tricky and deliberate scoundrel," with other opinions of a similar character. He found it, therefore, impossible to let the unimpassioned Mr. Trueman write the important epistle.

"Indeed, I must write this letter, Mr. Trueman," he said. "There are some things that I want to say to him which I know you won't write. You don't seem to consider the position in which he has placed me by that letter, nor what is obligatory upon me as a man of honor. I never allow any man to reflect upon me, directly or indirectly, without a prompt response."

"There is, in the Bible," said Mr. Trueman, "a passage that is peculiarly applicable in the present case. It is this—A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger. I have found this precept, in a life that has numbered more than double your years, to be one that may be safely and honorably adopted in all cases. You blame Mr. Williams for writing you an angry letter, and are indignant at certain expressions contained therein. Now, is it any more right for you to write an angry letter, with cutting epithets, than it is for him?"

"But, Mr. Trueman—"

"I assure you, my young friend," said the lawyer, interrupting him, "that I am acting in this case for your benefit, and not for my own; and as your legal adviser, you must submit to my judgment, or I cannot consent to go on."

If I will promise not to use any harsh language, will you not consent to let me write the letter?" urged the client.

"You and I, in the present state of your mind, could not possibly come to the same conclusion in reference to what is harsh and what is mild," said Mr. Trueman; "therefore I cannot consent that you shall write one word of the proposed reply—I must write it."

"Well, I suppose, then, I shall have to submit. When will it be ready?"

"Come this afternoon, and I will give you the draft which you can copy and sign."

In the afternoon, Mr. Singleton came, and received the letter prepared by Mr. Trueman. It ran thus, after the date and formal address—

"I regret that my proposition did not meet your approbation. The mode of settlement which I suggested, was the result of a careful consideration of our mutual interests.—Be kind enough to suggest to Mr. Trueman, my lawyer, any plan which you think will lead to an early and amicable adjustment of our business. You may rely on my consent to it, if it meets his approbation."

Is it possible, Mr. Trueman, that you expect me to sign such a cringing letter as that?" said Mr. Singleton, throwing it down, and walking backward and forward with great irritation of manner.

"Well, what is your objection to it?" replied Mr. Trueman, mildly, for he was prepared for such an exhibition of feeling.

"Objection! How can you ask such a ques-

tion? Am I to go on my knees to him, and beg him to do me justice? No! I'll sacrifice every cent I've got in the world, first, the scoundrel!"

"You wish to have your business settled, do you not?" asked Mr. Trueman, looking him steadily in the face.

"Of course I do—honorably settled!"

"Well, let me hear what you mean by an honorable settlement."

"Why, I mean—"

"The young man hesitated a moment, and Mr. Trueman said, 'You mean a settlement in which your interest shall be equally considered with that of Mr. Williams.'"

"Yes, certainly, and that—"

"And that," continued Mr. Trueman, "Mr. Williams in the settlement shall consider and treat you as a gentleman."

"Certainly I do, but that is more than he has done."

"Well, never mind, let what is past go for as much as it is worth. The principle point of action is in the present."

"But I'll never send that mean, cringing letter, though."

"You mistake its whole tenor, I do assure you, Mr. Singleton. You have allowed your angry feelings to blind you. You certainly carefully considered before you adopted it, the proposed basis of a settlement, did you not?"

"Of course I did."

"So the letter I have prepared for you states. Now, as an honest and honorable man, you are, I am sure, willing to grant to him the same privilege which you asked for yourself, viz: that of proposing a plan of settlement. Your proposition does not seem to please him; now it is but fair that he should be invited to state how he wishes the settlement to be made—and in giving such an invitation, a gentleman should use gentlemanly language."

"But he don't deserve to be treated like a gentleman. In fact he has no claim to the title," said the young man.

"If he has none, as you say, you profess to be a gentleman, and all gentlemen should prove by their actions and words that they are gentlemen."

"I can't say that I am convinced by what you say; but as you seem to be bent on having it your own way, why, here, let me copy the thing and sign it," said the young man, suddenly changing his manner.

"There now," he added, passing across the table the brief letter he had copied. "I suppose he'll think me a low-spirited fellow, after he gets that; but he's mistaken. After it's all over I'll take good care to tell him that it didn't contain my sentiments."

Mr. Trueman smiled, as he took the letter, and went on to fold and direct it.

"Come to-morrow afternoon and I think we'll have things in a pretty fair way," he said, looking up with his usual pleasant smile, as he finished the direction of the letter.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Singleton," he said, as that gentleman entered his office on the succeeding day.

"Good afternoon," responded the young man. "Well, have you heard from that milk and water letter of yours? I can't call it mine."

"Yes, here is the answer. Take a seat and I will read it to you, said the old gentleman."

"Well let's hear it."

"DEAR GEORGE: I have your kind and gentlemanly note of yesterday, in reply to my harsh, unreasonable, and ungentlemanly one of the day before. We have both been playing the fool; but you are ahead of me in becoming sane. I have examined, since I got your note, more carefully the tenor of your proposition for a settlement, and it meets my views precisely. My foolish anger kept me from seeing it before. Let our mutual friend, Mr. Trueman, arrange the matter according to the plan mentioned, and I shall most heartily acquiesce."

Yours, &c., THOMAS WILLIAMS."

"He never wrote that letter in the world!" exclaimed Singleton, starting to his feet.

"It's Thomas Williams' own hand as I live!" ejaculated Singleton, on glancing on the letter. "My old friend Thomas Williams, the best natured fellow in the world!" he continued, his feelings undergoing a sudden and entire revolution. "What a fool I have been!"

"And what a fool I have been!" said Thomas Williams, advancing from an adjoining room, at the same time extending his hand towards Singleton.

"God bless you my dear friend!" exclaimed Singleton, grasping his hand. "Why what has been the matter with us both?"

"My young friends," said old Mr. Trueman, one of the kindest men in the world, rising and advancing towards them, "I have known you long and have always esteemed you both. This pleasant meeting and reconciliation, you perceive is so of my arrangement. Now let me give you a precept that will make friends and keep friends. It has been my motto through life, and I don't know that I have an enemy in the world. It is, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.'"

## FAMILY CIRCLE.

### THE FIRE FLY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

On the evening of a hot and sultry summer day, Maria, a poor widow, sat at the open window of her little chamber, and gazed out upon the neat orchard which surrounded her cottage.

The grass had been mown in the morning, but the heat of the sun had soon dried it. She had already gathered it into heaps; and the sweet smell of the hay now blew into the chamber as if to refresh and strengthen her after her labor.

The glow of sunset was already fading upon the moon shone calm and bright into the little chamber, shadowing the square panes of the half-opened window, together with the grape-vine which adorned it, upon the nicely sanded floor.

Little Ferdinand, a boy of six years of age, stood leaning against the window-frame; his blooming face and yellow locks, with a portion of his white clean shirt sleeves and scarlet vest, were distinctly visible in the moonlight.

The poor woman was sitting thus to rest herself, perhaps. But oppressive as had been the labor of the sultry day, yet a heavier burden weighed upon her bosom, and rendered her forgetful of her weariness. She had eaten but a spoonful or two of her supper, which consisted of bread and milk. Little Ferdinand was greatly disturbed, but did not speak, because he saw that his mother was so sorrowful; having observed that his mother, instead of eating, wept bitterly, he had laid aside his spoon, and the earthen dish stood upon the table almost as full as when served up.

Maria was left a widow in the early part of the previous spring. Her deceased husband, one of the worthiest men in the village, had, by industry and economy, saved a sum of money sufficient to purchase the little cottage, with its neat meadow, though not entirely free from encumbrance. The industrious man had planted the green and cheerful field with young trees, which had already borne the finest fruit. He had chosen Maria for his wife, although she was a poor orphan, and her parents had been able to give her nothing more than a good education; he had chosen her because she was known as

the most pious, industrious, and well-behaved maiden in the village. They had lived happy together; but the typhus fever broke out in the village, and her husband died. Having nursed him with the greatest tenderness, she herself was attacked with it after his death, and barely escaped with life.

Her husband's sickness and her own, had thrown them much behindhand; but now she must even part with her little cottage. Her deceased husband had long labored for the richest peasant in the country, a man by the name of Meyer. The peasant, who highly esteemed him on account of his fidelity and industry, had lent him three hundred crowns to purchase this cottage, with the ground belonging to it, upon the condition that he would pay off fifty crowns yearly, twenty-five in money and twenty-five in labor. Until the year that he was taken sick her husband had faithfully performed his agreement, and the debt now amounted to but fifty crowns. Maria knew all this very well.

Meyer now died of the same disease. The heirs, a son and daughter-in-law, found the note for three hundred crowns among the papers of the deceased. They did not know a word about the affair, as the old man had never spoken of it to them. The terrified woman assured them, calling heaven to witness, that her deceased husband had paid off the whole, except fifty crowns. But all this was of no avail. The young peasant called her a shameless liar, and summoned her before a court of law. As she could not prove that anything had been paid, it was decided that the whole claim against her was valid. The heirs insisted upon payment; and as poor Maria had nothing but her cottage and grounds, this little property must now be sold. She had fallen upon her knees before the heirs, and had prayed them not to turn her out of doors; little Ferdinand had prayed with her; both wept, but all was in vain. The following morning was appointed for the sale. She had heard this an hour before, just as she had finished her day's work. A neighbor had called out over the hedge and told it to her.

It was for this reason that she now sat so sorrowful by the open window, glancing now upward to the clear sky, now upon Ferdinand, and then gazing steadily at the floor. There was a sad silence.

"Alas!" she said to herself, "I have to-day then raked the hay from the orchard for the last time. The early yellow plums which I picked this morning for Ferdinand are the last fruit which the poor boy will eat from the trees which his father planted for him. Yes, this may be the last night we may spend beneath this roof. By this time to-morrow, this cottage will be another's property, and who can say but we shall be turned out at once. Heaven alone knows where we shall find shelter to-morrow. Perhaps under the open heaven." She began to sob violently.

Little Ferdinand, who until now had not moved, came forward, and weeping, said,—"Mother, do not cry so bitterly, or else I cannot talk to you. Do you not know what father said, as he died there on that bed. 'Do not weep so,' he said, 'God is a father to the poor widows and orphans. Call upon him in thy distress and he will aid thee.' This is what he said, and it is not true, then?"

"Yes, dear child," said the mother, "it is true."

"Well," said the boy, "why do you weep so long then? Pray to God, and he will help you."

"Good child, thou art right!" said his mother, and her tears flowed less bitterly, and comfort was mingled with her sorrow. She folded her arms, and raised her moist eyes towards heaven, and Ferdinand folded his hands also, and looked upward, and the bright moon shone upon mother and child.

And the mother began to pray, and the boy repeated every word after her, and she looked down upon a poor mother and her child—a poor widow and an orphan raise their eyes to thee. We are in great need, and have no longer any refuge upon earth. But thou art rich in mercy. Thou hast thyself said, 'Call upon me in the day of thy trouble, and I will deliver thee.' O, to thee we pray. Thrust us not forth from this dwelling—take not from a poor orphan his only inheritance. Or, if in thy mysterious but still most wise and benevolent purposes, thou hast otherwise decreed, prepare for us a resting place upon the wide, vast earth. O, pour this consolation into our hearts, lest they break as we wander forth, and from yonder hill turn to look for the last time upon our house."

Sobs interrupted her; weeping, she gazed toward heaven, and was silent. The boy, who stood with folded hands, suddenly exclaimed with outstretched finger—

"Mother, look! what is that? Yonder moves a light. Yonder flies a little star. Look, there it is! How bright, how beautiful it shines! Look only look! it has a greenish light. It is almost as beautiful as the evening star. Now it moves along the ceiling. That is wonderful!"

"It is a fire-fly, dear Ferdinand," said his mother. "In the day-time it is a small unsightly insect, but in the night it gives out a most beautiful light."

"May I catch it?" said the boy. "Will it not hurt me, and will not the light burn me?"

"It will not burn thee," said the mother, and she laughed, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Catch it and examine it closer; it is one of the wonders of God's Almighty power."

The boy, entirely forgetful of his sorrow, at once tried to catch the sparkling fire-fly, now on the floor, now under the table, now under the chair.

"Ah me, what a pity!" said the boy; for as he stretched out his hand to catch the bright insect, it flew behind the great chest that stood against the wall. He looked under the chest.

"I see it plain enough," he said; "there it is close against the wall; and the white wall, and the floor, and every bit of dust near it, shines as if the moon shone upon it; but I cannot reach it; my arm is not long enough."

"Have patience," said the mother, "it will soon come out again."

The boy waited a little while, and then came to his mother and said, with a soft, imploring voice—

"Mother, do you get it for me, or move that chest a little from the wall, and I can easily catch it."

The mother rose, moved the chest from the wall, and the boy took the quiet fire-fly, examined it in the hollow of his little hand, and was delighted with it.

But his mother's attention was attracted by a different object. As she moved the chest, something which had stuck between it and the wall fell upon the floor. She uttered a loud cry as she picked it up.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "now all our trouble is over. That is last year's account book, which I have so long looked for in vain. I thought it had been destroyed as of no value, by strangers perhaps, while I lay senseless during my illness! Now it can be shown that thy father paid the money that they demand of us. Who would have thought that the account-book stuck between the great chest which we took with the cottage, and which has not been moved since we bought it?"

She at once lighted a lamp, and turned over the leaves of the account-book, while tears of joy sparkled in her eyes. Everything was correctly put down—the sum which her deceased husband owed—the three hundred crowns at the

beginning of the year, and what he paid off in money and work. Below stood the following lines, written in old Meyer's own hand:—

"I have settled accounts with James Bloom to-day, (St. Martin's day,) and he now owes me fifty crowns."

The mother struck her hands together with joy, embracing her child, and exclaimed with delight:—

"O, Ferdinand, give thanks to God, for we now need not leave home; now we can remain in our cottage."

"And I was the cause, was I not, mother?" said the little fellow. "If I had not begged you to move the chest, you never would have found the book. It might have lain their a hundred years."

The mother stood for awhile in silent astonishment, and then said:—

"O! my child, it was God's doings. I feel a thrill of awe and reverence when I reflect upon it. Look! as we both prayed and wept, there came the sparkling fire-fly, and pointed out the spot where this book was concealed. Yes, truly, God's hand is in all things, however trifling."

Nothing comes by chance. Even the hairs of the head are numbered, not one of them falls to the ground without his knowledge. Remember this for thy life long, and put thy trust in him, especially in time of need. It is easy for him to aid and to save. He does not need to send a shining angel to us. He can send us help by a winged insect!"

The mother could not sleep that night for joy. Soon after break of day, she took her way to the judge, who at once sent for the heir. He came. He acknowledged the writing as genuine, and was much ashamed of having slandered the woman before the court, and having called her a liar. The judge declared he owed her some recompense for the shame and great sorrow which he had caused her. The man was unwilling to make atonement for his injustice.

But when the poor woman had related the whole account of her evening prayer, and the appearance of the fire-fly, the judge said:—

"That is the finger of God; he has visibly helped you."

Young Meyer, however, was much moved, and said with tears in his eyes:—

"Yes, it is so. God is the father of the widow and fatherless; and their avenger also. Pardon me for harshness towards you; I release you from the payment of the fifty crowns, and if you are at any time in need, come to me and I will assist you. I now see clearly that those who trust in God, he will never forsake; and that confidence in him is safer dependence than great riches. And if I ever come to want, or if my wife should be a widow, and my children orphans, may he help us also, as he helped you."

Trust always thus in him, and be as upright as this poor widow, and help will not be wanting to you in time of need.

## CHILDREN.

### RIGHT SORT OF STUFF.

Some fifteen years ago, two strangers met on Charleston bridge. One was a young man fresh and green from the country; with his wardrobe in a bundle under his arm, and the other a resident of the city. For some reason not easily explained, they halted and held some conversation like the following conversation:—

Country lad. Sir, do you know any place where I can get any thing to do?

Citizen. I don't know that I do. What sort of employment are you seeking for?

Country lad. Well, I'm not particular, I calculated to teach school when I left home, but they told me back here, that they thought I couldn't get any one about here. Do you know of a stable where they want a hand?

Finding the countryman was ready for any thing in the way of work, the gentleman told him where he might get employment as a hand-carman, and bid him good bye.

It was not long after this casual interview, that the young man sought out his adviser, and thanked him for helping him to a place. He had found the place to which he had been recommended, and had then full employment in a retail grocery's store, in carting packages and doing jobs of different kinds. From this humble beginning, he worked his way along in the world, to be a partner in the same concern. He is now reputed to be worth from \$50,000 to \$75,000.

So much for energy and perseverance, with a willingness to do any honest work for a living. Men of such sort of stuff, who, if they cannot at once do what they would, do what they can, with the ordinary blessing of Providence, are quite sure to succeed in the world.—Traveller.